

**Instincts**  
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Greg pushed the button on the treadmill to make it speed up slightly. He could feel the ache starting in the right side of his stomach but he felt restless. Around him were people in various levels of fitness running, jogging or walking on the other treadmills. The gym was fairly packed for a Saturday evening but he'd been lucky enough to find an empty spot. Usually he skipped exercising on the weekends but he woke feeling out-of-sorts and decided to try the gym rather than pace his small apartment.

An attractive lady stole a glance at him, smiling as she did. He smiled back but kept his breathing to the proper rhythm. The woman stopped on her treadmill to wipe her face and stretch in an exaggerated manner, her chest pushing out to emphasize her breasts beneath the sports bra. Her eyes darted to Greg again before she went through a few quick stretches.

Greg sighed. She was part of the problem. Well, not her specifically. Women. He was twenty-eight years old and, as far as he knew he was straight. However, for the past few months Greg found himself fantasizing about men. One night, while he was masturbating to the thought of banging some made up woman he found himself wondering what it would feel like to be in her place. What would it feel like to have breasts with sensitive nipples? Breasts you could play with whenever you wanted. And a pussy... He'd seen his fair share of vaginas throughout his life and he'd always envied women with their ability to have multiple orgasms - mind blowing orgasms that left some of them speechless. So what would it be like to be the woman? To have some man pounding into you? He put himself mentally into the woman's position and came nearly immediately.

The next time, he started in the woman's position from the beginning and found himself rock hard within moments. And the next time. And the time after that. Soon, he found himself glancing at men and wondering - was it that man that was fucking "her" from behind? Or this other man? He sometimes wondered what it'd be like to kiss one them, to feel their hands on his body. At first, he'd jerk himself back from the recollections with shame and the next time he'd masturbate, he was the one doing the fucking. But, slowly, he'd wonder again and the next attractive man might end up being on the face of the man in his imagination.

Eventually the lines blurred and he didn't feel as ashamed. He caught himself staring at men more and more - the way they walked, their ass and legs, their mouths... and their crotch. Were they big or small? Would they fill him... "her" up? Would it hurt in a good way? It was always "her" when he masturbated, never him. He never imagined himself as a man getting fucked from behind. But, slowly, he wondered if that's how it might be. He didn't have an "Ahah!" moment where he shouted, "HEY! I'm gay! The universe makes sense now and everything is all right!" He simply found himself thinking that, yeah, maybe there was something to it.

He still liked women. He still wondered what some women would look like naked and he still imagined fucking them - and got hard thinking about it. But, sometimes he'd imagine a woman naked and think, "Yeah, I'd like to fuck the hell out of her." but then go

to bed without masturbating. If he made the mistake of letting his mind wander over being the faceless woman on "her" hands and knees then he always had to masturbate. The visuals and feelings were too intense to ignore. So, perhaps not gay but at least bisexual.

"At least" bisexual. He sighed again. Part of him coming here today was to give himself time to think. Exercise always focused his mind. He glanced at the woman again and found her staring at his crotch. He felt his own hard-on and ground his teeth. Apparently the exercise didn't focus his mind enough; he'd been thinking about it again. Greg hit the emergency stop button and got off to walk around. It didn't help that his teeth hurt. Or his gums. One of them did. He'd been grinding his teeth since the night before and it'd kept him up. He did his best to keep his eyes off of the other guys around him while he did his upper body workout.

The weights felt strange as he worked through his sets. Sometimes he couldn't lift as much as he had before and sometimes he could lift more. Twice he had to have a guy help to spot him because he felt twitchy - never a good thing when lifting heavy weights above your own face.

When he finished his routine he still felt restless and his gums itched. He'd been in a few fights when he was younger and more stupid and this felt a little like that. He wanted to hit something over and over until he couldn't breathe anymore. The gym had an area with a few heavy bags but he'd never messed with them before. Now he was interested.

He heard some light thudding sounds coming from the room as he got closer to it. Greg stopped at the entrance to the room. A slightly built man was jabbing at one of the larger bags. The man was perhaps 5 feet 8 inches to Greg's 6 feet 2 inch frame. Where Greg was solid, this man was built smaller but in better shape - it looked like he had barely any fat on him. Whip-like. He worked around the bag, sometimes stepping back, sometimes in and sometimes weaving his upper body in a tight circle while he worked the bag. Sweat flew off of him when he punched and he breathed out sharply with a 'shh!' sound each time. He looked young but Greg couldn't place his age. Boyish. Maybe twenty-two?

Greg walked over to an empty bag before his brain could take that thought process any further. He glanced back at the other man and then took what he imagined to be a fighting pose. He lurched forward to punch the bag and then again. The impact of his fist on the bag was satisfying in a way he hadn't known before. Soon he was pounding away at the bag left and right.

A voice stopped him. "Ummm..."

Greg caught the wildly swinging bag and turned to face the smaller man. "Hey. What's up?" He asked.

"Well, it's probably none of my business but it looked like you haven't worked a bag before. I thought I might offer some advice. If you cared. If not, I'll apologize and let you get back to it."

Greg took a couple wheezing breaths. "No... No, please do. I just... It's my first time trying it."

A grin split the other man's face and Greg had to grind his teeth again. The guy wasn't handsome, he was... almost cute. He had a dash of light freckles across his nose and face and a heart-shaped face under a mop of unruly red hair.

"I could kind of tell." The man said. He stuck out his wrapped hand. "Thomas. Pleased to meet you."

"Greg. My pleasure. Now, what am I doing wrong?"

The guy laughed. "Oh, everything! Here, let's start with how you stand. I'll just run you through some basics."

He **had** been doing everything wrong. Thomas warned him to keep his wrists straight and not to lean into the punch. From there, they worked on his stance (left hand leading, legs apart) and the way he stepped. Greg lost himself in the instruction. "I guess I always thought you just punched." He told Thomas.

"Oh, well, yeah. That's one way to do it. You're a big fella so that might work for you but someone smaller like me could take you out if they knew a bit of boxing or some other martial art. Small and fast, that's the way I do it. Well, haha! Not all small." He grinned again and Greg had to look away. His heart was racing in his chest and it wasn't from punching the bag. "Besides," the man told him. "I can't seem to build much bulk so that's what works for me."

"Yeah. Hey, thanks, I appreciate it. Have you been boxing long?"

"About nine years. Started when I was a Sophomore in high school. I haven't done anything beyond spars but I try to keep it up for the exercise. And if I ever have to get in a fight, it'll help. You never know. Just hard to find a place with boxing equipment whenever I move around. I was lucky there was one here."

Greg took a few experimental punches, trying not to make the bag swing too much. "Oh yeah? Did you just move here?"

"Yup. Last week. I'm renting a little house near the edge of town. I haven't even finished unpacking yet." Thomas shrugged. "I got my bed, couch and TV and that's the important stuff. I'm going to hit the showers and head out. It was nice meeting you! Maybe I'll see you around next time?"

Greg closed his eyes against the 'shower' comment. He turned his back to the man to hide his boner. He knew what the problem was - Thomas was cute in a nearly androgynous way that blurred the line between man and woman. He grunted and punched the bag, hard. "Yeah, definitely! Thanks again for showing me the ropes. I'll just be here for a while." He didn't watch the other man leave and he cursed himself for his lack of manners.

When Thomas was gone, Greg pounded away at the bag. He was a tolerant man and, aside from unthinking comments when he was a child, had nothing against homosexuality. It was just that it had never applied to him. He felt confused and seeing this young man didn't make it any better. "And my goddamned teeth hurt!" He roared.

Another voice answered him. "Maybe you should go see a dentist?" Greg spun as his face turned crimson. A large black man was watching him curiously.

"Oh man. I'm sorry - I thought I was alone. Haha! Yeah. I should. I'll let you have the room. Sorry again about that!" The black man cocked an eyebrow at Greg while he made his way out.

"Goddamn fool." Greg muttered to himself. As he left the room, he caught sight of Thomas walking through the front doors. Greg walked fast to catch up to him outside.

"Hey! Thomas, hey!"

The younger man stopped at his car and turned, a slight smile on his lips. "Greg, howdy."

"Hey, man. I'm sorry - I wasn't ignoring you in there. That was shitty of me. No, really. Here, you're new in town. Let me treat you to dinner to apologize and I'll give you all the town gossip while I'm at it. The little that I know. Just wait for me and I'll grab a quick shower. Okay?"

Thomas' smile widened a little further. "I'd like that."

Greg's face nearly flushed as he ran back to the showers. "Stupid, dirty old man." He told himself.

An hour later he was seated across from Thomas in the nearby Red Apple diner. It was a slow evening and they had the corner to themselves. Their waitress was a thin girl that seemed more interested in texting than in giving them service. Neither of them cared that much. Greg felt oddly at ease in the other man's company and was enjoying their mindless conversation.

"So why boxing?" Greg asked at one point.

Thomas watched him for a moment. "I got tired of being defenseless. I needed an outlet."

"An outlet? For what?"

"I'm gay. The town I lived in wasn't very tolerant so I got bullied. My own parents gave me shit so it was either kill myself or find an outlet. I'm not particularly tired of life yet so I picked boxing. I got in shape, worked out my frustrations and learned to ignore everyone else. The coach was a good guy, more like a father to me after a while. Taught me that most people out there bullying was because they were insecure about themselves. Or ignorant. And he taught me a good trick."

Greg's heart skipped a few beats. "What trick?"

"Hah. He told me to imagine the assholes with a dick for a tongue whenever they were mouthing off to me. It helped. Although I laughed once and got the shit kicked out of me for my trouble. If it were a boxing ring with boxing rules, I might've had a chance but three kids is a bit much and kicking is against regulations." The corner of Thomas' mouth curled up in a little wry grin. Greg smiled with him. "I notice you're still sitting there." Thomas said.

"What? Oh... Oh! About you being gay? I don't care. You seem like a cool guy and that's what matters. Who cares who you sleep with, right?"

Thomas watched Greg carefully. "Right." His eyes seemed to bore into Greg's eyes. "Who cares who it is."

The silence was heavy and pointed.

Greg felt a bead of sweat slip down his temple. "Actually, I..."

"Who had the hamburger?" Their waitresses magically appeared at their table with two plates in her hands.

Greg nearly swallowed his tongue. "I did. Thanks."

The waitresses turned away after setting their plates down, already typing on her smart phone.

Thomas carefully bent over his pasta, ignoring Greg's cut-off sentence. Greg mentally cursed himself. *What was I doing? What were you planning on doing there, Greg?* He asked himself.

They both finished their meals in silence, lost in their own thoughts. When the check came, Greg picked it up while ignoring Thomas' grumbles.

"It's on me. I felt like a dick back at the gym. Hey, do you need help unpacking? I don't have anything else to do tonight and wouldn't mind being out of the house. I've been feeling cooped up with nothing to do all day. My hands itch to do something. Work, I mean."

Thomas grinned again. "Yeah, that'd be cool. Just follow me. It's a pretty short drive. And, thanks for the meal. I haven't really met anyone here yet. I'm glad to know I didn't move somewhere bad again."

On the ten minute drive to Thomas' house, Greg's heart tried to beat out of his chest. "What are you doing, Greg?" He asked himself out loud. "What are you doing?" His hands twitched on the steering wheel and he shrugged his shoulders while trying to itch his back on the fabric seat covers. "This is stupid."

His dick was hard the entire ride.

There was a muddy path leading to the house and Greg's little car almost got stuck at one point. He almost turned around but couldn't bring himself to do it. Thomas waited for him at the door.

"Don't mind the mess." He told Greg. Inside the little white house were piles of boxes, a couch and a small LCD TV. "Welcome to my home, such as it is." Thomas held his arms out and twirled slowly. "I'll give you the tour. This is the kitchen. My microwave is in one of the boxes. The bathroom is there to your right. Keep the lid up or down if you want. I don't care. And the bedroom. Just the mattress at the moment. I'll get a bed frame one day when I settle down." There were a stack of books in the corner of the room next to the bed. They were all paperbacks with old, worn down covers. A smart phone dock was the only thing plugged into the walls of the bare room. Clothes were piled in the corner.

They made their way back to the living room. "Have a seat." Thomas told him. "Want something to drink? I have some local beers, water, juice...?"

Greg swallowed. "A beer would be fine. Thanks." He sat on the old couch, sinking into the cushions. Thomas hustled out, clinking around in the kitchen before coming back with a bottle of dark beer.

"Here you go." He said. "So..."

Greg took a sip and then looked up at the other man. "So...?" His arms itched so he scratched himself with one hand.

Thomas cocked his head to the side, staring at Greg as if he were a puzzle to be solved. "So did you really come here to help me unpack?"

Greg took another sip of the beer. "I... At first I did but... I don't know anymore." He stared at his hands. Thomas watched him quietly. Greg took a few more sips and then slowly told the story of how he found himself becoming attracted to men. "And then I saw you and, I don't know. You're... cute."

"You mean I remind you of a woman a little bit." Thomas told him.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm sorry. Is that bad?"

"No, not at all. Do you mind if I sit?"

Greg looked back up. "It's... No. It's your house. Go ahead."

Thomas sat close to Greg and set his beer on the floor. "Does it bother you? These feelings?" He asked.

Greg shook his head. "No. I'm just confused. I still like women but lately, I've been turned on more and more by guys. It's been nearly half a year since I first started wondering about it and the feelings just get stronger. Is that how it worked for you?"

Thomas crossed his legs at his ankles and leaned back against the couch. "Oh, no. I've always known I liked boys. You, you're just bi and it took you a bit of time to realize it. So, why did you come here, Greg? Do you want to talk about it?"

"I don't... I..." Greg's heart beat hard against his chest. He swallowed several times to try and wet his throat.

Thomas leaned forward and held out his hand. "Let me have your hand." Greg reached out hesitantly to Thomas. Thomas' hand felt cool but firm against Greg's own hand. "Now look at me. One of the worse things our society does is to repress our emotions. Our desires." Thomas slowly leaned closer to Greg. Greg felt hypnotized by the words and Thomas' blue eyes. "We tell ourselves, no, this isn't right. It shouldn't be this way. Don't do that, do this. This isn't moral, that is. Listen to them, not to yourself." He leaned closer still. "And what does that do? We bottle up our true feelings until something breaks. And then?" Thomas' lips were an inch away from Greg's own lips. Amazingly, Greg could feel his heart beat slowing as he stared at this beautiful young man.

"Something breaks." Thomas whispered. He leaned in and lightly kissed Greg on the lips. Greg's eyes widened and he pulled back. Thomas watched him, eyes a little sad. "Are you broken, Greg?"

Greg's thoughts raced. *I just kissed another man.* He told himself. *I just kissed another man. I just...* He swallowed again. "I..." The itch from his arm felt like it was spreading to his back.



"Can I kiss you?" Greg asked.

"Do you want to kiss me, Greg?"

"Yes. Yes. I do."

"Then kiss me, Greg."

Greg set his beer on the floor and leaned over to pull Thomas closer to him. He cradled the young man's head in his large hand and pulled his mouth to his own. A small voice was screaming at him in the back of his head but he ignored it. He kissed Thomas, lightly at first and then harder. When he opened his mouth, Thomas opened his own. Their tongues touched and then writhed together.

*Warm.* Greg thought. *Just like a woman. No. Just like a person.* Thomas' hand reached for Greg's thigh, gripping him while they kissed. Greg growled deep in his throat. He brought his hands around to lift the other man up into his lap but Thomas shifted himself to help. They broke their kiss apart briefly but Greg pulled him back in. His cock pressed hard against his pants while the other man sat on his thighs. Greg's hands gripped Thomas' back, pulling and gripping over and over.

They broke apart breathlessly. Thomas wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "You okay?"

Greg nodded, wordlessly. His lips jumped near his nose. He wanted to rub his whole back over the couch. His skin felt strange but he couldn't ignore what was happening right now. Greg put his hands under Thomas' shirt and then stopped to look at him. Thomas nodded slightly and Greg pulled the other man's shirt above his head. The younger man had a strong but thin body and was completely hairless. Greg's hands slowly explored the other man's chest.

"Do you like what you see, Greg?" Thomas asked. The man placed his hand on Greg's erection and leaned forward next to Greg's ear. "He likes what he sees." Thomas whispered.

Greg shuddered and put his mouth on Thomas' nipple, flicking it with his tongue over and over. Thomas writhed in his lap, moaning softly. Greg's fingers undid the button of Thomas pants and, this time, he didn't ask if it was okay first. Thomas sat back on the couch and together they pulled his pants off.

Thomas' body was completely hairless, even his crotch. His erection was a modest six inches and it throbbed in the air. Greg watched it move. Thomas took Greg's hand, pulling it to his dick. "It's okay, Greg. It's okay." Greg touched Thomas' dick carefully. He was circumcised like Greg was but slightly smaller and a little more thin. He tugged gently on the shaft and Thomas moaned. "Mmmm, yes, like that."

Greg's nose twitched. There was a strong smell in their air. He knew the smell of cum from his own dick but this wasn't it. There was... something else. His mouth burned. He wanted to bite something. He leaned forward and rubbed the dick against his rough cheek. Thomas' balls hung slightly loose and he buried his nose in the soft flesh of them. Thomas put his hands in Greg's hair. Slowly, Greg licked the flesh around the balls. Experimentally. And then again. Tentatively, he opened his mouth and gently pulled the balls into his mouth to suck on. Thomas shuddered above him. "Yesssss..." He said. Greg's hand worked up and down on Thomas' dick. A small amount of precum trailed down the tip to touch his hand.

Greg worked his tongue gently around the balls in his mouth, feeling them shift and move. He knew how sensitive they could be and the urge to bite was nearly overpowering so he pulled off. The smell in the air was making him drool. He wanted. With no hesitation, he pulled Thomas' dick into his mouth. When he tried to go down completely, he nearly gagged so he backed off. Thomas let out a soft "Oh!" before gripping Greg's hair. Greg slowly pulled the cock into his mouth, working his tongue around the shaft.

"No... oh god, no teeth... no... oh oh... no teeth..."

Greg pulled his teeth back and used his lips and tongues to caress Thomas' cock. With one hand, he pumped the shaft while he pulled his head up and down on the man's dick. He could taste the salty pre-cum but it didn't bother him. He wanted more. His own erection throbbed painfully in his pants and he wanted this man to cum in his mouth. The smells, the taste, the sex, the raw sex, he wanted it all. He pumped the cock harder and sucked on the tip of the man's penis. He worked his way back down and then up, licking and sucking. Thomas cried out as he came suddenly. Greg swallowed the salty load several times until his mouth was clear.

"Fuck! Fuckfuckfuck!" Thomas screamed. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! I didn't mean..."

Greg pushed him back on the couch and stood, taking off his own shirt. His fingers itched to claw the hairless flesh beneath him.

"Are you... are you growling? Are you okay?"

Greg grinned. "More than okay. Undo my pants for me."

Thomas leaned forward eagerly, his flaccid penis still dribbling cum. His fingers worked deftly and soon Greg was stepping out of his own pants. Greg's own body was covered in hair. His chest was thick but soft with hair but he kept his cock trimmed when he could. Thomas grabbed Greg's eight inch dick and leaned forward to suck on it. Greg grabbed Thomas' hair and pulled him back. "No." He growled, his lips pulled back to show his teeth. Thoughts were hard with the smell in the air but he burned with need. "I want to fuck you. Give me your ass." Thomas' face flushed with excitement. Greg could see the other man's dick trying valiantly to grow hard again.

Thomas spit on his hands and rubbed Greg's dick down. He leaned forward on the couch with his ass in the air. From here, he **did** almost look like a woman. His skin was very white and nearly unblemished. Greg could almost imagine he was fucking a woman. But, he didn't want a woman. He wanted this man. His dick ached for release. Greg grabbed Thomas' ass and pulled the cheeks apart. Thomas reached around to grab Greg's dick but Greg growled again and pushed the man forward. His teeth yearned to bite something. Greg kept one hand on Thomas' ass and, with his other, he guided himself to Thomas' asshole. At the entrance, he paused. Thomas wriggled slightly against him, moaning in anticipation.

Greg, still growling, pushed himself in slowly, hissing his breath out as Greg's ass wrapped around his cock. Thomas' dick sprang to life and the man bit into the fabric of the couch as he moaned. Greg grabbed Thomas' hips and pulled himself out slowly. The feeling was incredible. He pushed in again but stopped before their hips touched. His fingertips dug into Thomas' flesh, kneading him over and over as he pulled out again. He couldn't hold himself back any longer. He grabbed Thomas' muscular side with one hand to pull him into a slightly upright position.

Greg leaned forward and bit Thomas, hard on the shoulder. Thomas shrieked and tried to bury himself on Greg's cock. Greg could taste blood in his mouth and he growled at the smell of it. He started pounding into the other man, his mouth still locked on Thomas' shoulder.

"Oh god! Oh Jesus H. Christ! Yes! Greg! Yes!" Thomas shouted. Greg licked the blood off of Thomas' shoulder and leaned back to concentrate on fucking the other man. Tendons strained on his arms from the effort of holding himself back. His whole body felt like it was on fire. He licked his lips in a circle, tasting blood and cum as he did. His canine teeth felt sharp, sharper than they'd ever been. He roared as he plunged, fucking the other man.

"W...wait... not so... wait!" Greg's hips slapped against Thomas. "It hurts! Wait!" Black hairs stood out on Greg's arms as muscles bulged. He could feel his fingernails cutting into the other man as he buried himself up to his balls. He didn't notice the blood as he pulled out. All Greg knew was fucking - fucking this man in front of him. The hairs ran in a wave up his arms to his shoulders and then down his back, a fine carpet of black hair mingling with his body hair.

His back cracked, forcing him to howl in pain. He didn't stop pounding. Muscles bulged along his biceps. His shoulders spread apart, pulled by muscles growing along his spine. He liked his mouth, touching his nose as his tongue grew. His nose felt cold against his hot tongue, cold and wet. He could see his nose pushing in front of his face, cracking his jaw as it did. Sharp teeth grew to replace molars as they fell out. More teeth filled the gaps as his face grew into a muzzle. Black fur ran up his neck to cover his face. When he licked his muzzle from the effort of fucking the little man in front of him, his lips and nose turned black.

Thomas was screaming in front of him but Greg didn't notice. Mating was Greg's only concern. Fucking. Scents were overpowering. His needs left no room for thoughts. He ran his right hand down Thomas' back and the thick black claws drew lines of blood on the white skin. A thick tuft of fur grew out from Greg's crotch, covering the base of his cock. The fur grew up the base of his cock to create a sheath around him. The base of his dick bulged and then grew into a knot as the skin turned a bright red color.

Thomas no longer screamed - he was grunting in effort. Red hairs sprouted from his back as the cuts from Greg's claws healed over. With a small 'pop' a bulge started at the base of Thomas' spine and slowly grew into a hairless tail, pressing against Greg's stomach. Greg watched as Thomas' hands convulsed over and over. Fingernails were pushed out as thick black claws grew from the tips of the man's fingers. Thomas had his face half-turned in a grimace of pain or pleasure. The man's jaw broke and then grew out into his own muzzle. When he opened his eyes, they were a deep coppery bronze color. Thomas slammed back against Greg.

Greg gripped Thomas. The other man's ass grew as new muscles set in. Fur crept down from his back to cover his ass and then his tail. The fur along the tail sprouted long and thick and soon the red wolf tail was curled up and back against Greg's furry stomach. Thomas' long tongue panted from the effort of the transformation.

Greg felt his own tail set in. A tugging at his spine announced it but he paid it no mind as his plunged his thickening cock into Thomas. The knot at the base of his dick dipped into the other man's ass with every push. Greg's feet grew, placing him on his toes. The claws of his toes dug into the carpet for purchase.

*Almost.* A small voice said at the back of his head. *Almostalmostalmostalmost...*

Muscles lined Thomas' red furred body. The young man was yipping in pain as the change finished and pushing back harder and harder as he clawed the couch to shreds. With a final, hard push, Greg's knot rammed into Thomas' ass. Thomas came again, thick spurts of cum shooting from his own knotted wolf cock beneath him, covering the couch.

Greg growled in anger, grabbing Thomas' muscled furry shoulder, bearing down on him. With a renewed effort he slammed into the man over and over until, finally, his own release brought him nearly to his knees. He pulled his head back into a silent howl before biting down on Thomas' shoulder to feel the bones grind beneath his teeth.

He collapsed on top of the smaller man, black fur against red. His dick throbbed, still completely hard. Thomas pulled slightly but Greg's knot kept him in place. Greg growled tiredly in response. The young man twisted slightly to lick Greg's fur-tipped ears with his long tongue. In response, Greg reached around to grab Thomas' now eleven inch knotted dick. He pumped the dick in it's furry sheath slightly as he rubbed his head against Thomas' head.

Thomas whined in anticipation.